

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



AT THE TURN OF THE YEAR.

UNCLE SAM. — Good-by, Mr. Secretary, and a happy private life! Your going I cannot stop, but I'll hold tight fast to your excellent works.



NO FEAR.

ETHEL.—Marry him! Why, I'd die first!
EDITH.—Nonsense, dear. He is not as strong as he looks.

THE CHIMES.

THE New Years' chimes are all attune,
The ringer's ready at the ropes
To sound the peal of Life's triune —
Our Loves, our Happiness, our Hopes.

He only waits the midnight strokes
To greet the advent of the new
And, while its blessing he invokes,
To bid the passing shade adieu.

Ah! chimes that sound this midnight hour,
Far off to my sleep-muffled ears,
You seem to sing with subtle power
A madrigal of Hopes and Fears.

The Hopes of yesteryear are dead,
At peace with those that went before;
Fair shapes that pined away unfed
With Fate 'tween them and Bounty's store.

But, ah! the Fears! Those threat'ning forms
That haunted me through yesteryear
Thrive through Joy's sun and Sorrow's storms —
They still are here — they still are here!

Wood Levetta Wilson.

EXTRACT FROM A SOCIAL ITEM.

New York Whirled, 1920.

The accomplished and beautiful Mrs. Porkand gave a delightful wine party at her lovely home, Jagshire.

Mrs. Porkand was gowned in black silk, the waist being ornamented with \$5,000 bills, and the skirt tastefully draped with government bonds, making altogether a superb effect.

Mrs. Depuyster-Stuyvesant-Crab, a rival for social leadership, whom Mrs. Porkand had tactfully invited, was attired in blue *crepe de chine*, trimmed and draped with \$1,000 bills, government bonds and airship stocks.

At two A. M. the tellers were appointed and carefully invoiced the costumes, resulting in another victory for Mrs. Porkand, whose gown was appraised at \$29,987,652.92. Defeating the too sanguine Mrs. Crab by \$78,622.16.

A BRIGHT SIDE TO IT.

JACK BLUEBLOOD.—I feel as if I were throwing myself away on that girl. She is of very humble origin.
SHE.—Cheer up! Maybe you can't get her.



VEXING DELAY.

"Our new company is capitalized at \$40,000,000."

"Great! Let me see your prospectus."

"Oh, we have n't got out a prospectus yet. The—er—the darned printer wants his pay in advance."

PUCK



DECIDEDLY BENEFICIAL.

AUNT JANE.—I hope you enjoy your dancing lessons, Freddy?

FREDDY.—Sure, Aunt! When I get in a fight now, I can side-step twice as good as I used to.

HE AND SHE.

THEY SAT and watched the old year out.

"Have you any plans for the New Year?" she said.

"Yes," he replied, reflectively; "many—so many that I can not remember them all. But first I shall fall in love."

She laughed.

"How interesting!" she exclaimed. "I thought you were getting over that sort of thing."

He sighed.

"Love," he replied, "is eternal. A man never gets over it, any more than a woman does. How about yourself?"

"Well, I suppose I shall fall in love, too. But you know I shall never let it interfere with the more serious affairs of life."

"Can it be," he exclaimed, "that you think there is anything more serious than love?"

"You forget my studies."

"Ah, true—you are ambitious. With me it is different. I am merely, well, drifting."

She took his hand in hers. "Don't talk that way," she said, "it makes me sad. You have a great career before you. There is nothing that you could not do if you wanted to. Be a man. Resolve great things."

He smiled cynically.

"With you women," he said, "it is different. You take life so seriously. But you know, a fellow must have his fling."

She threw her arms around his neck.

"Don't, don't talk that way!" she cried.

At this moment there was a stern voice from the head of the stairs:

stairs:

"Helene, come up to bed!"

And the twelve-year-old girl and the fourteen-year-old boy hastily kissed each other good-night.

Tom Masson.



NOT IN HER LINE.

THE HIPPO.—I'm not much of a believer of love in a cottage.

THE RABBIT.—No—I should imagine you'd want something about the size of a department store.

THE WAY OF IT.

Since few of us can choose events

We make a passing note;
Some find their lives served
à la carte
And others table d'hôte.

EXPERIENCE.

"T is better to have loved and lost—," I began.

"Than won!" interrupted the stranger, harshly.

From this remark I inferred that he paid alimony.

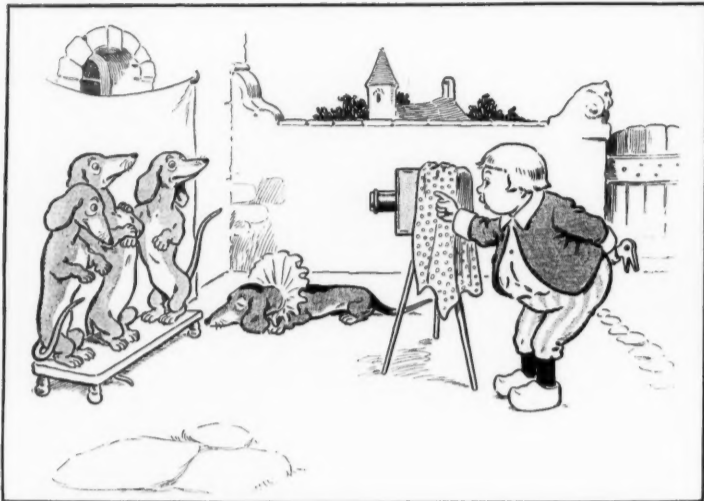
GOOD WINE needs no bush;
and poor wine needs only
the intimation that it does n't
appeal to the common taste.

The Millennium won't get here in our time, but that is no reason why we should n't try to hurry it along.

PUCK

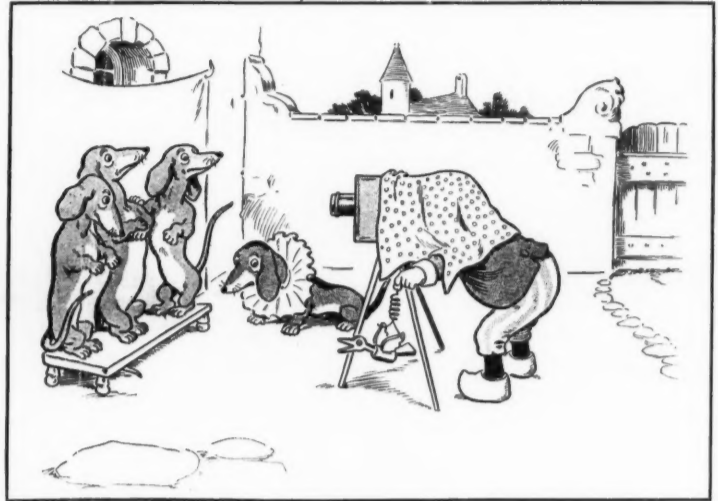
HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 20.



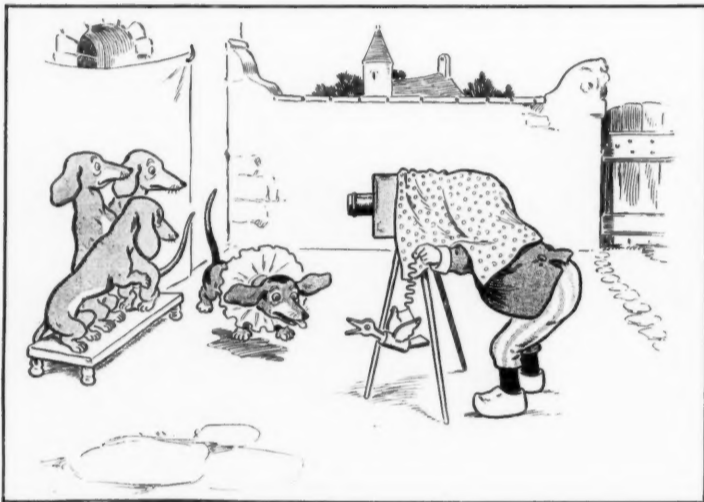
I.

"Now hold that pose!" cried Hans, "it's fine. Mind! Faces front and paws in line."



II.

"Keep steady there. Just watch the bird!" Hans spoke so loud that Dackel heard.



III.

"A Bird! It's loose!" was Dackel's thought. "And flying off! It must be caught."



IV.

He caught it—yes; and caught Hans, too, Ere Hans had caught his cherished view.



V.

"Oh, come!" he cried, "don't look so mad. It's tough on me; I'm not so bad."



VI.

And when their luncheon was begun, "It's tough," he thought, "more ways than one."

The man who thinks he can win in a walk is usually anxious to run.

PUCK



ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

"You are turning out considerable work, then?"
 "Yes; supplying the critics with raw material for roasting."

A LITERARY REVOLUTION.

AS IT WAS.

HIS RAGGED gray hair hung thin over a worn face deepmarked by lines which told of a pitiful struggle for existence with a pitiless fate. He was lean and emaciated, and out of his sunken eyes stared a hunger that was both physical and spiritual. Gaunt poverty spoke eloquently from gaping soleless shoes, from the neatly patched clothing which, though it told of loving service by dear hands, was worn threadbare and shiny. Plainly, this could be nothing but a neglected genius who had issued from the garret where he earned his scant living of a hard crust and a quaff of cold water twice a week. To make assurance doubly sure, the roll of manuscript which Samuel Boswell carried with a reverent and assiduous care under his wasted arm marked him author by the grace of God. A lovely and graceful but timid child walked hand-in-hand with the old man. Ever and anon her spirituous eyes were turned to his wistfully.

"Are we not nearly there. Grandsire?" she murmured more than once.

"Tis but a bowshot farther, my child. Art tired, Heart's Desire?" he asked tenderly, for this one ewe lamb was the solitary apple of his eye remaining to him. His other eye was appleless.

"Nay; but I feared for thee. Rememberest thou that thy steps are but feeble?" she quoth, sighfully.

Laboriously the pair climbed up three steps which led to the domain of Gorgon Stonybreast, the publisher, who fattened on the heart's blood of downtrodden genius. On the top step they waited to regain their breath before venturing into the outer sanctum of him who held their fate in the hollow of his grasping hands.

"Art weary, Grandsire?" again she breathed solicitously.

"Nay; but I fear lest you be faint for lack of nourishment, child."

"Not so, dearest one. Did I not have half a crust and almost a whole glass of water two days ago? But methinks thy age should occasionally have food more nutritious."

They passed tremblingly into the house of doom, where they waited seven hours and three-fourths while Gorgon Stonybreast revelled in the inner room among boon companions with ribald jest and flowing bowl. When at length he emerged the devoted pair arose and bowed deep to him.

"Ha, old man! What doest thou here?" fiercely demanded their master.

The old poet tamed his proud heart of fire for the sake of the starving child. "I have here sundry verses of some slight merit which your kind eye may deign to find worthy, gracious master."

"By St. George, what presumption! Take thy verses to perdition with thee, old driveler!" cried the purse-proud publisher.

The old man flung himself with streaming eyes at the feet of his master. "A boon! A boon! For the sake of this starving child—"

"Avaunt, dotard, and let me pass!" cried Gorgon Stonybreast, and as he strode away he flung them a look of deepest scorn and a half-penny.

AS IT WILL BE.

It was 11 A.M. Reginald Catchfancy Scribbles, the well-known popular novelist whose "Confessions of a Red-Headed Baby" were well past the 1,300,000 mark, had completed the strenuous labors of the day. He had for nearly half-an-hour been dictating into three phonographs a few chapters of the four novels upon which he was engaged. He was particularly happy this morning because he had not wasted even

(Continued on Page Ten.)



ELEMENTARY.

"She bought that cloak because it looked well on a cloak model."

"Indeed? She ought to know that cloak models often show how cloaks don't look on other people."



LIVED AND LEARNED.

JACK.—I thought I knew all about skating when I was a small boy.
JESSIE.—And did n't you?
JACK.—Why, no. I merely knew how to skate.

PUCK



PUCK

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Cor. Houston and Elm Sts.,
New York.

Wednesday, December 30, 1903. — No. 1400.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

DEAD ISSUES, OLD AND NEW.

WITH THE new year's coming, the search for Democracy's candidate will be pushed, no doubt, with spirit. At present, while there are several looming possibilities, no one among them, to all appearances, has passed to the probable stage. That is still in reserve; and with the likelihood of staying so for a longer time than usual in a presidential season. Not that the nomination will go a-begging. It is well worth having, if only for its advertising advantages. But it is only natural, when prospects and platform are both so unsettled, for the hand of destiny to point at no one in particular. With calm deliberation, Mr. Cleveland has taken himself out of range. Mr. Bryan, also, is looking earnestly the other way. And as for the others, Parker, Gorman, Olney and the rest, they as yet are but names to conjure with. Candidates, however, can wait. The convention is still six months away. But a little seasoning of platform planks at this time would by no means be inappropriate. What is more, there is pressing need of it, as Democracy's liking for the lifeless is again cropping out. For a while, there was a period when one might rationally hope. Democracy admitted with some show of grace that it never could carry the country with Free Silver and Imperialism as issues. That was positively encouraging. It lightened one's heart. But now, unless we totally misapprehend the attitude of the party Solons, a concerted effort is under way to replace these issues with other issues, all equally certain *not* to carry the country. The Democratic stand against reciprocity, as shown in the Senate by the Cuban treaty vote, was a stand against Democracy's own hobby—Tariff Reform; or, at any rate, against a practical move in that direction. How Democracy can seek converts to its doctrines, while showing by its acts that it disbelieves them itself, has not been explained and won't be. The marshalling of the clans to oppose the Canal Treaty and to make of that a burning issue is also proceeding rapidly. And altogether, at the door of the new year, the outlook is far from inspiring. Bryanism, though dead at present—and we trust, permanently—was once very much alive. But if signs are not in error, some successors of Bryanism will be dead before they are born.

CUSTODIANS OF HUMAN RIGHTS.

OF LATE, a number of legal actions have given to the labor muddle a brand new twist. Not a surprising one, by any manner of means, but one which workers everywhere will do well to revolve in their minds. Certain employees, identified with organized labor, have been forced to court to protect their livelihood, as the unions of which they are members have demanded their prompt discharge. Their employers are satisfied with their work and have no fault to find, but because they have broken some union rules, which of course is a rash offense, the unions insist they shall lose their jobs. Whatever the immediate outcome in these particular cases, it is dwarfed completely by the principle of the thing. Whether the men retain their jobs or not, they will be marked subjects for organized vengeance, in one form or another, from now on. Having broken a society's rule and suffered expulsion, they have lost thereby their right to labor

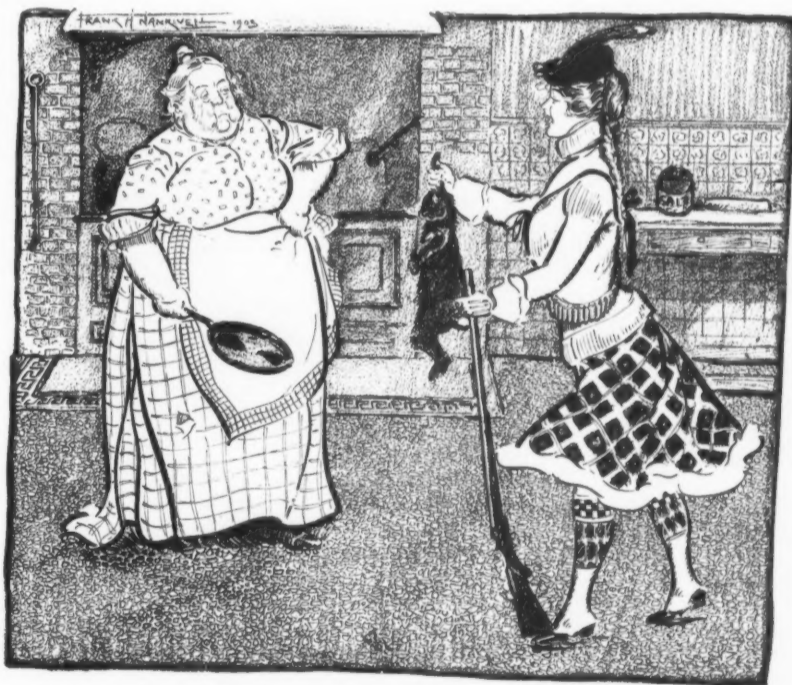
and exist. This is the phase of the matter on which union men should ponder. It shows that, stripped of his union badge, a workman is nobody. Human rights, it says, are special concessions, granted by labor unions to those who subscribe uncomplainingly to their methods and doctrines. A union member, as a mere man, has no rights which his organization can not at will take from him. And once expelled, for cause or not, his place in the labor world is the same precisely as that of the "scab," whom he formerly detested, shunned and fought. It is not, we should say, an assuring state of affairs; nor one which union men can well regard with complacent satisfaction. Within the union, a man. Dropped by the union, an outcast.

PHILADELPHIA'S SAINT NICKS.

CHRISTMAS is past. The wreath in the front window is ill at ease. Curling crisply up, the leaves of the mistletoe drop piece by piece upon the parlor floor. And all in all, it is the familiar aftermath of a merry season. What a merry season it has been, to be sure! Especially in Philadelphia, where a lot of warm-hearted men, with twinkling eyes and beards like Santa Claus, poured oil on four thousand of their finest Christmas trees and then set fire to them. The demand for trees in Philadelphia being about five thousand, these kindly, benevolent souls, termed basely a syndicate, reduced the city's supply to about three thousand, so that Christmas trees in Philadelphia might by no inadvertence be within reach of all. How the poor child, whose parents could not afford the prohibitive price, must have clapped his hands with joy on Christmas morning and danced gaily around the tree that was not there! What a rain of blessings must have fallen upon these worthy fellows as they sat about their own Yule fire. And what a merry memory must the Yuletide blaze have roused! Another year, however, we would suggest that they simplify matters. There is no need of cutting trees, only to destroy them. Let forest fires be started in various woodland sections and the supply reduced that way. True, it might demolish a few homes, ruin a few men and devastate a few farms, but these are trivial matters. It would add materially to the season's glow. Who says that the Christmas spirit is extinct?

TARGET PRACTICE.

PARSON.—Is n't the Lord good, boys, to send this snow so you can have sport snowballing?
BOY.—Yes, parson; and what is better, He has sent you this way in a silk hat.



SOMEWHAT SURPRISED.

"Faith, I niver was axed to cook wan av thim things befoore."
"Were n't you, Bridget?"
"No, bedad! An' considerin' all the places I've been in, 't is a wonder I was n't."



THE MODERN CINCINNATUS, WHO WIL



J. OTTMANN LITH CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

WHO WILL NOT LEAVE HIS PLOUGH.

PUCK



EXPERIENCED.

THE ACTOR.—I don't think we actors are well enough organized.

THE ACTRESS.—I don't see why we should n't be. We could turn out some first-class walking delegates.

A LITERARY REVOLUTION.

(Continued from Page Five.)

the fragment of a thought on any of them. He knew that his six stenographers would be kept busy the rest of the day typing the matter he had shouted into the machines. Naturally he was in a genial humor with the world as he stepped into one of his automobiles to run down to the private landing on his estate where his palatial steam launch lay.

Reginald Catchfancy Scribbles was a man of fashion as befitted his high calling, and he looked the part. He was a star member of half-a-dozen select clubs, and matinee maidens by the thousand languished for a smile from him. On his latest run across to London a Prince, who shall be nameless, had done himself the honor to copy R. Catchfancy Scribbles's pet style in cravats.

As the celebrated author and man of fashion was stepping lightly and gracefully into his auto a form leaped toward the machine from the laurel thicket close by. Reginald C. Scribbles went the color of snow. His brave heart stood still, the color of a ghastly certainty thumping in his breast. Then he manfully took his courage by the throat and fought back the rising fear. For he



CAUSE FOR MIRTH.

"How did the Parrot come to be fined for contempt of court?"
 "Why, when Judge Owl asked him if he knew the nature of an oath, he burst into a perfect roar of derisive laughter."

knew by his haggard appearance that this was a poor devil of a publisher, and that since the fellow had hold of the lever it was inevitable that he must listen to him and be bored.

"My man, this won't do, you know. It won't do at all. I can't have you fellows intruding on my grounds and bothering me continually at all times. Did n't you see the signs on the grass, 'Trespassing publishers will be prosecuted?' I'm a good-natured Johnnie, but there's a limit, you know. I've already had three publishers chucked out this morning. Why the devil don't you go to my lawyers or to my secretary?" inquired R. C. Scribbles, pettishly.

"I've been to both of them. They won't listen to me," pleaded the wretched publisher.

"Then what do you come to me for? I'm not going to talk business with every Tom, Dick and Harry. It's deuced vulgar, you know. I say, my man, you'd better let go that lever or I'll call a footman."

For the love of heaven, sir, hear me! Grant me but one minute of your time and my starving children will always bless you," implored the wreck, who clung desperately to his place.



OBVIOUS.

STRANGER (in Frozen Dog).—Is there an opening here for a physician?

BRONCO BILL.—Can't say that there is, podner. Yer see, it don't require no specialist in this community to tell what folks DIED of!

"Oh, cut out the children! I'm not responsible for them," said Reginald, curtly. "I tell you I want to go. I'm in a devil of a hurry!"

"To save my family, won't you give me just one little volume of yours to publish? You have so many and it will mean little to you. I have come a thousand miles to see you, sir. I'm prepared to make a good offer for it."

"Let's hear your offer," said Scribbles, wearily. His greatest fault was excessive good-nature. "And be quick about it."

"For any one of your new books I will give one hundred thousand dollars down for the right of publication, eighty per cent. of all the net profits, and another hundred thousand when the sales pass a million copies."

Reginald looked at the demented man wholly in scorn, half in a contemptuous pity.

"My man, you're mad. A paltry offer like that is not worth consideration. Why do you and your tribe so futilely pester me with your trivial proposals?"

The unhappy publisher raised his hand from the lever to protest and the distinguished author seized the opportunity to speed away. The wretched man stared at him with glassy eyeballs, then flung himself to the ground in the agony of despair.

William MacLeod Raine.

PUCK



CAPTIVATING.

BESSIE.—And you *really* love him?

LENA.—Passionately. He is a man of charming faults.

A MELODY FOR STRINGS.

I SCANNED THE program listlessly
Weighed with the long day's cares,
And thought how pleasant it would be
In that wee room up-stairs.
In that wee room where my dear books
Are gaily ranged a-row,
Where trophies peep from pleasant nooks
And only I may go.
Yet I must sit twelve numbers through
And vainly wish for wings—
A long and dull *Concerto* to
A *Melody for Strings*.

The Barcarolle was never made
For smiling seas and smooth;
The *Fugue* was very badly played,
The *Berceuse* did not soothe.
But when at last the "*Melody*"
Was cast into the sun
I thrilled with very ecstasy
And thanked the gods I'd come.
It brought back, as it always brings,
A lass I loved of yore—
O heavy heart, *thine* were the strings
That "*Melody*" was for!

Edward W. Barnard.

THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE.

"I've been calling."

"Hear any news?"

"Not much. The Joneses have left their third cook within two months."

A POLITICAL VERSION—The machine will never run with the graft that is past.



VERY LIKE IT.

"Well, come to think of it, I guess a rabbit trap is like the stock market—it won't hurt you if you keep out of it."

THE FOOL-KILLER seemingly does no better, in spite of the vast spread of education, showing that his difficulty has not been a matter of identification, merely.

Woman makes man *what he is*; herself *what she is not*.

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Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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100 VISITING CARDS Post paid **35c**

Correct styles and sizes. Order filled day received. Booklet "Card Style" Free! Also business, professional and fraternal cards. We have cuts of emblems for all societies. E. J. SCHUSTER PTG. & ENG. CO., DEPT. 48, ST. LOUIS, Mo.

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Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write **DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.**, Dept. 1. 1., Lebanon, Ohio.

IF GENUINE
Always the Same!
WILSON WHISKEY.
That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.
Baltimore, Md.

UNEXPECTED.
"Yes, sir, he actually called me a dog."
"And did you come when he called?"
Clev. Plain Dealer.

"When a man comes roun' tellin' me how easy it is to beat de races," said Uncle Eben, "I allus feels like I had jes' read de fus' chapter of a hahd luck story." — *Washington Star*.

P.B. Ale
"Lest you forget"
"Oh be jolly"
Brewed right
Ripened right & Kept right
\$1.50 per dozen pints
Acker, Merrill & Condit Co
New York Agents

"I see," said Brother Dickey, "dis yer Race Problem is come ter de front ag'in. Hit's ez frequent ez de chills in Springtime, en ez popular ez a rattle snake de year roun'!" — *The Atlanta Constitution*.

THE man with the thickest skull in the world has just died. His successor is in Congress. — *Washington Post*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

The Leading Whiskey

means that

Hunter Baltimore Rye

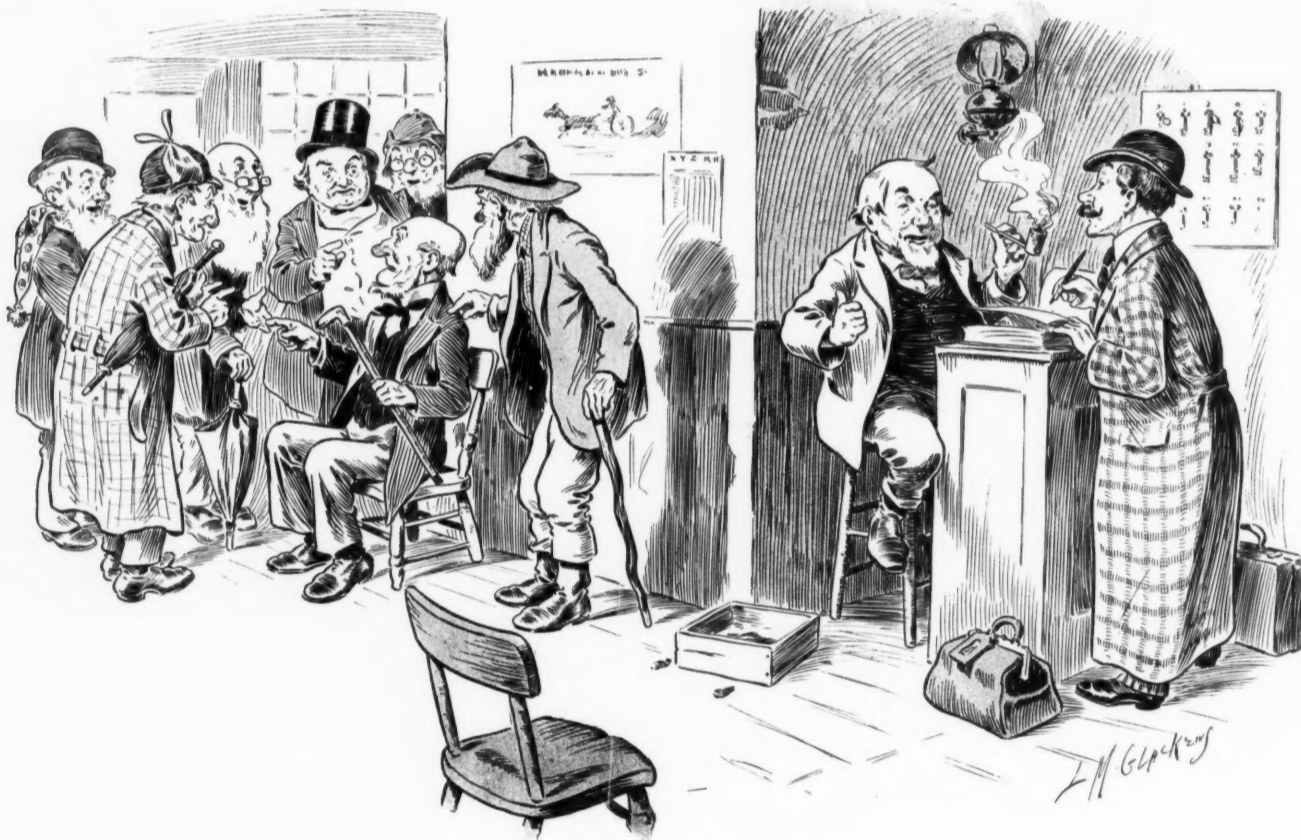
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America's Best

It has attained its phenomenal popularity through its perfection in quality, purity and flavor.



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



HIS IDENTITY.

"What are those seven venerable codgers, over there, squabbling about?" asked the baking-powder drummer.

"Aw!" pessimistically replied the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern. "That 's the oldest inhabitant, tryin' to prove it."

Dr. A. Groyen, Royal Medical Staff, Berlin, Recommends Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters as the most effective stomachic and nerve used by medical men.

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AROMATIC DELICACY—MILDNESS—PURITY

A troubled feeling and the blues can generally be traced to indigestion. Chase it away with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

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Opium, Laudanum, Cocaine and all drug habits cured at home. No pain, no nausea, no absence from business, no craving for drugs or other evil results. No publicity. Trial treatment free. Write for booklet.
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32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, NEW YORK.
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

Honor, Riches and Long Life!

What Young Man but desires them, and dreams no doubt that great success will attend his efforts and crown his later years with good fortune. Yet frequently in his haste to become rich the Young Man overlooks, entirely, the only methods of acquiring a competence which are sure—though to him, they may seem slow.

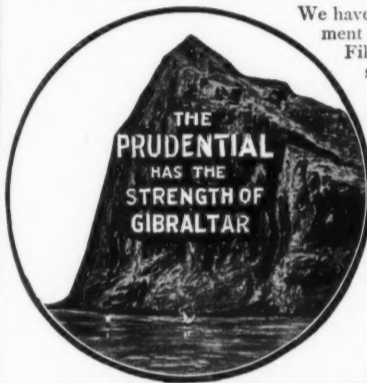
Often he reaches thirty or thirty-five with practically nothing laid by. Then he finds it hard to economize; his expenditures have been gradually increasing and he has not acquired the habit of saving!

The advantage of Endowment Life Insurance taken out early in life, is that it furnishes a method of saving which is unequalled. In fact it almost compels you to save money regularly. You can commence with any amount, from \$1,000 up, and increase it as your circumstances permit.

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Would n't you like to join this Vast Army of Money Savers? The most progressive, enterprising, farsighted and successful young men of America are included in its ranks. **FALL IN LINE!**

THE PRUDENTIAL



We have some things to say about Endowment Life Insurance.

Fill in the attached Coupon and send it in—it costs nothing and may be the means of starting you on the road to fortune.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA
John F. Dryden,
President
Home Office,
NEWARK, N. J.

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates of Endowment Policies.

For \$.....

Name.....

Age.....

Address.....

Occupation..... Dept. P.

Fill in this Coupon and send to
THE PRUDENTIAL,
Newark, N. J.



HAPPY.

"You seem in excellent spirits, my young friend."

"Yes. I've just heard that Christmas comes but once a year."

You look better, feel better, are better when your run down system is invigorated with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

Give honor where honor is due. The World's Columbian Exposition thus recognized Cool's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

IN THE SMART SET.

"Who gets your divorces for you?"

"Why, our business is getting so large now that we think it cheaper to have a divorce lawyer in the family and a divorce court just across the lawn."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Standard of Highest Merit"
FISCHER PIANOS.
"The embodiment of tone and art."

164 FIFTH AVENUE,
Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

"WHEN may a woman be said to be happily married?"

"Not until she has had the pleasure of refusing several men."—*Detroit Free Press.*

SOME people can loaf and look busy.—*Atchison Globe.*

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK



EASE AND COMFORT

We all like a good share of both. The greatest ease and comfort and luxury in shaving, are only obtainable by using Williams' Shaving Stick. No cup, just the shaving stick and brush. One stick affords 300 shaves.

For sale by all druggists. 25c.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Gilstonbury, Conn.

LONDON

PARIS

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SYDNEY

"SOME mighty smaht folks," said Uncle Eben, "ain' smaht enough not to waste deir time paradin' deir knowledge befo' folks dat can't 'preciate it." — *Washington Star.*

ONLY FRESHLY MADE

Cocktails Have the Correct Flavor, but they must contain that most delightful of all aromatic tonics, the genuine imported

Dr. Siegert's ANGOSTURA BITTERS

A delicious flavoring for lemonade, lemon ice, soda water, sherry and all liquors.

THE BEST APPETIZER

J. W. WUPPERMANN,
Sole Agent, NEW YORK, N. Y.



BERTHA.—What a queer man that young professor is!

ETHEL.—Yes; I talked about new books, and he said he had n't got through reading Shakspeare yet.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Red Top Rye WHISKEY

It's up to YOU.

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS.
CINCINNATI, O. ST. JOSEPH, MO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Comfort and service. Guaranteed—"All breaks made good." 50c and \$1.00. Any shop or by mail. **C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.,** Box 218 Shirley, Mass.



HOW HE KNEW.

PARSON WOOLIMON.—Dar was a stranger in de congregation dis mawnin'.

BRUDDER SLEWFOOT.—Wha' 'd he look like, Pahson? I did n't see him.

PARSON WOOLIMON.—I was n't cognizant ob his proximity, muhsef; but I done found a fifty-cent piece in de contribution atter de hat was circumambulated around.

The Idle Hour

anywhere,
will suggest the
aroma and the luxury
of the idle East if you're a
smoker of

**Egyptian
DEITIES.**

No better Turkish cigarette can be
made. Look for the signature of
S. ANARGYROS

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

MR. JINKS.—I see the editor of the *Trumpet* is having trouble with his wife. She wants a divorce.

MRS. JINKS.—I don't wonder. He was always printing articles about housework being healthful.—*New York Weekly*.

THE SAME OLD GROWLER.

Gittin' cold weather now."

"Yes—but all Summer you were growlin' at the heat!"

"I know it; but I don't think I'm unreasonable: All I want of Providence is a middlin' sort of climate!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

BALL-POINTED PENS

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)
Suitable for writing in every position;
glide over any paper; never
scratch nor spurt.
Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel. BALL-
POINTED Pens are more durable, and are
ahead of all others FOR EASY WRITING.
Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cents.
H. Bainbridge & Co., 99 William St., New York,
AND ALL STATIONERS.

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Milwaukee Beer

Because they purchase the best materials obtainable in the world's market.
Because they employ the most capable and skilled masters in the art of brewing.
Because their plant is fitted out with all the latest improvements and machinery known to the brewing world.
Because of their unexcelled method of cleanliness their beer is noted for its absolute purity.

Fifty Years of Experience.

Why not secure a sample and have your physician pass on the quality?
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Miller Brews

"The Best" Milwaukee Beer

MILLER BREWING CO., Milwaukee, U.S.A.

FAR FROM INEXPENSIVE.

"Many a man would give a great deal for your opportunities," said the earnestly ambitious man.

"Of course," answered Senator Sorghum. "I had to give a great deal for 'em myself."—*Washington Star*.

NO CONTRETEMPS.

"How did your nephew's wedding pass off?"

"Just splendid."

"Were there any contretemps?"

"I don't think so. I did n't see any. You see we had the church thoroughly cleaned up just before the wedding took place."—*Cleve. Plain Dealer*.

ESTABLISHED 1810

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

NATURAL WHISKEY

"BOTTLED IN BOND"

**DIRECT FROM THE BARREL UNDER
U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION AND REGULATIONS.**

The Whiskey must be at least four years old.
Each cork is sealed with U. S. Stamp stating
age and quantity in each bottle.

Every bottle contains full measure.

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"Bottled in Bond."

IF IN HASTE TAKE THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.



Absolute purity is the characteristic that has made

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A pure rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENIZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York.
ESTABLISHED 1793.

Evans Ale

*You may search the land over,
You may sail on the sea;
But an ale that 's more perfect
There never can be.*

It is a little funny that a speech which would create a revolution in South America only acts as an anesthetic when delivered in the Senate. — *Washington Post.*

Arnold Constable & Co. Gloves.

The newest and choicest in Gloves for Men, Women and Children.

Also complete lines of Imported and Domestic Fur Gloves, Fleeced and Fur lined Gloves, Knit Wool and Cashmere Gloves for Winter Wear.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK

AN IMPLICATION.

TESS.—He was pleased to say I sing like a bird.

JESS.—I heard him say that to you, and just after that he began talking to me about owls and their habits.—*Philadelphia Press.*



AN ECHO.

THE X-MAS WAIT (*singing*).—"In the good old subber tibe—in the good old subber tibe—"

AMBIGUOUS.

JACK NERVEY.—I 'm going to kiss you when I leave this house to-night.

MAY KUTELY.—Leave the house this instant, sir!—*Philadelphia Press.*

IN THE BILLVILLE BACKWOODS.

"How far is it to the next town, my friend?"

"'Bout fifty acres—or better."

"I mean—how many miles."

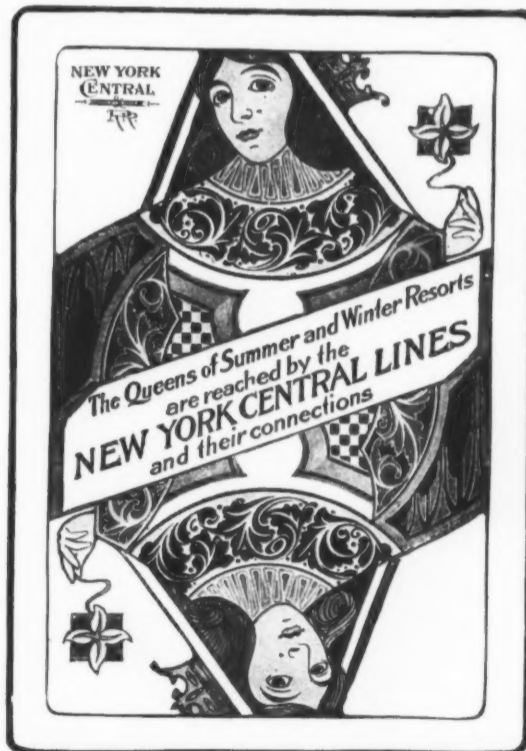
"Well, hit mout be two, or hit mout be six."

"You 're a big fool!"

"I know it; but—you orter seen my daddy!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

From The Four-Track News.

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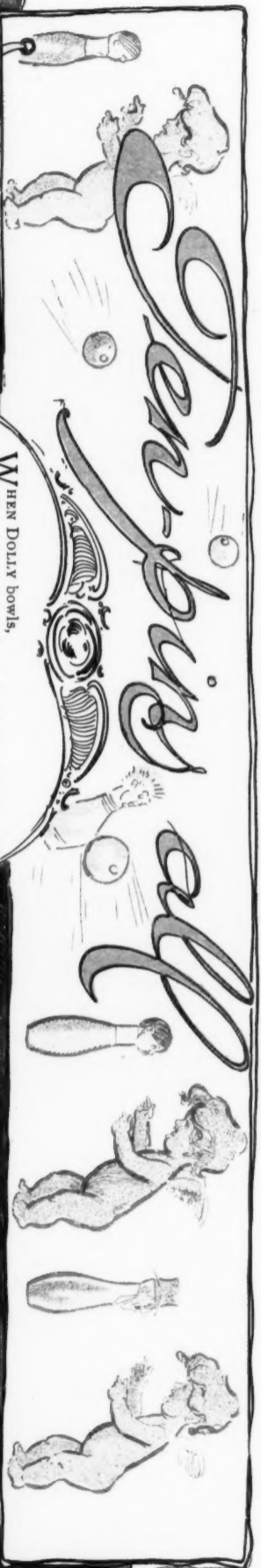
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For Duplicate Whist, best of card games, use Paine's Trays. Lessons free with each set of trays. Write for particulars.

New Fan Back. Order by Name.



WHEN DOLLY bows,
Her sleeve high up her round white arm she rolls.

(The whitest, sweetest arm it is in town —
No wonder that the helpless pins go down!)

Her ball she swings —

Oh, happy ball, to whom kind fortune brings
To rest a moment in her wilful hand!
(No matter tho' ere soon you rudely land!)

She poises, slim;

And now with shining eyes she views it skim,
And laughs to see the damage that she wreaks,
And gleefully another missile seeks.

Most patient pins!

We know the program through, its outs and ins,
For we stand, likewise, in a silly crew,
And, easy victims, wait what she may do.

She need but glance;

Delaying for no farther circumstance
Straightway we fall, and abject lie, and then
Let Master Cupid set us up again.

Edwin L. Sabin.



FRANK A. MCKEEL